

The Alaskan Churchman

DECEMBER, 1956

Number 4



O YE+ICE+AND+SNOW
BLESS+YE+THE+LORD;
PRAISE+HIM+AND+
MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER



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The design on the cover of this magazine is the work of Paul Eustace Ziegler. In art, it brings to Alaska the wondrous events and great characters connected with the Nativity of Our Lord and the Feast of the Epiphany.

The Blessed Virgin, who holds the Christ Child, is an Indian maid. A Fisherman, a Miner, and a Trapper represent the Wise Men who came from afar to offer their gifts and adoration. A fishnet, a screen of stately spruce trees, and towering, snowclad mountains form a lovely reredos. On either side stand members of that "glorious company of the Apostles" to guard the Holy Child.

The Alaskan Churchman

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DECEMBER, 1956

A 1906 DOLLAR

1956 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of The ALASKAN CHURCHMAN. Except for two short breaks during lean years the little magazine has been published continuously four times a year in Alaska for half a century. Certainly it is one of the oldest publications in the still-new history of the far north. Likewise it is one of the landmarks of the Church in Alaska and the files of the CHURCHMAN furnish much of the authoritative history of the work of the Episcopal Church in Alaska.

The Rev. Charles E. Betticher, Jr., then priest-in-charge of St. Matthew's Church and Hospital in Fairbanks, was the founder and first editor of The ALASKAN CHURCHMAN and the first issue came off the press in November, 1906. His opening editorial laying down the aim and purposes of the magazine we print below:

"With this issue, The Alaskan Churchman begins its public career. We desire our first editorial word to be one of thanksgiving—to Almighty God for blessings bestowed upon us



The Rev. Charles E. Betticher, Jr.
Founder of the
ALASKAN CHURCHMAN

and our work; to our many supporters in this great country, for their ready help; to a host of friends on the "outside" who have at all times and in every way proven worthy of the name they bear—friends in deed more than in word.

"When the idea of The Alaskan Churchman was conceived, it was planned to publish a monthly paper. We have had to abandon this scheme because of the great amount of advertising it would necessitate our publishing, in order to make expenses. By publishing quarterly we just keep within the price charged for subscription, and we are able to do away entirely with advertisements, giving our readers solid news, unbroken by the ever-present "ad." In the end you will receive almost as much reading matter as by the former plan, and it will be unhampered by outside attachments. We trust, therefore, that though forced to change our original plan, you will prove your real interest, by helping us to make The Alaskan

(Continued on Pg. 15)

WE HONOR OUR OWN

On September 29, 1931, in St. John's Cathedral, Denver, the Venerable John Boyd Bentley, Archdeacon of the Yukon, was consecrated Suffragan Bishop of Alaska. Two days preceding, he had been chosen for this post by the House of Bishops, so he was a bishop-elect only two days!

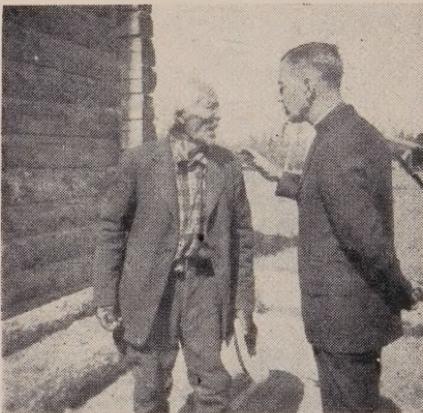
On September 29, 1956, in the Church Missions House at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City, the Rt. Rev. John Boyd Bentley, D.D., now Vice President of The National Council and Director of the Overseas Department, was honored on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop. We in Alaska want to share a little in this significant occasion for we owe Bishop Bentley more than anyone else, and we also know that he really belongs to us.

John Bentley came to Alaska and to Anvik as a layman in 1921, with his bride, the former Elvira Wentworth Carr of Hampton, Virginia, to the rude surroundings at Anvik, to serve God and the Church. He came to Alaska after distinguished service in the United States Army in which he served in every rank from private to captain, and after some training at the Theological Seminary of Virginia.

Life at Anvik was rough in 1921. It does not make it less rough to say that it was much rougher when Dr. Chapman arrived in 1887; nor does it make the living more modern to say that most all our missionaries lived under similar conditions in those days.

The Bentleys were assigned a small cabin which, like many of the original mission buildings, had seen better days, but it was home for a bride and groom fresh from tidewater Virginia, and in that year two real thoroughbred Alaskans emerged.

Mr. Bentley's duties were hardly those usually assigned an Army Captain. He had general supervision of the boys in the mission school; he

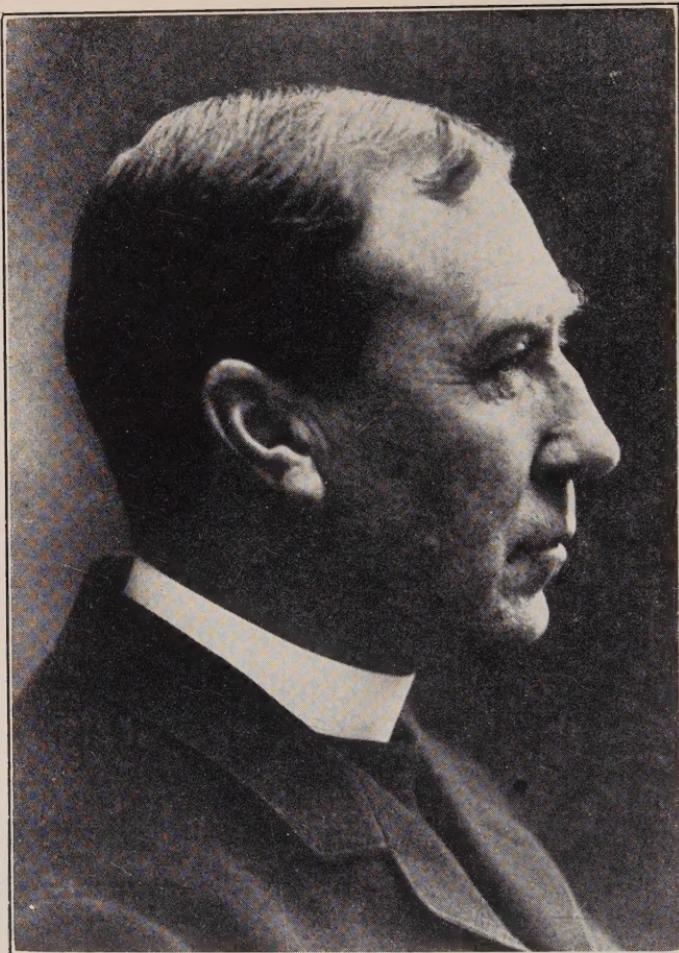


Bishop Bentley talking with Charlie Crow at Fort Yukon

shared responsibilities for getting in the wood supply and for the fish cutting, and for feeding the dogs. He split wood, shoveled snow, visited the sick, and prayed with the dying, and in general served as assistant and helper in anything necessary to the Rev. John W. Chapman, heroic father, founder and strength of Alaska's first mission, Christ Church, Anvik.

On July 23, 1922, Mr. Bentley, a Candidate for Holy Orders, was ordained to the Diaconate in Christ Church, Anvik, by Bishop Rowe. For the next three years he continued to serve as Dr. Chapman's assistant at Anvik. How did he spend his time? What did he do? We give you his own answer in an article written for The ALASKAN CHURCHMAN in 1923: "To anyone thinking of coming in to do mission work may I not say that it holds much of romance. To a young man coming in there is every chance in the world to make his time and his labor worthwhile. He will find much to do always. There will be gas engines to run and keep in order; dogs to care for and drive; Church services to hold; marriages to perform; burials to hold; children to baptize; teeth to pull; saw mills to run; launches to run; advice on





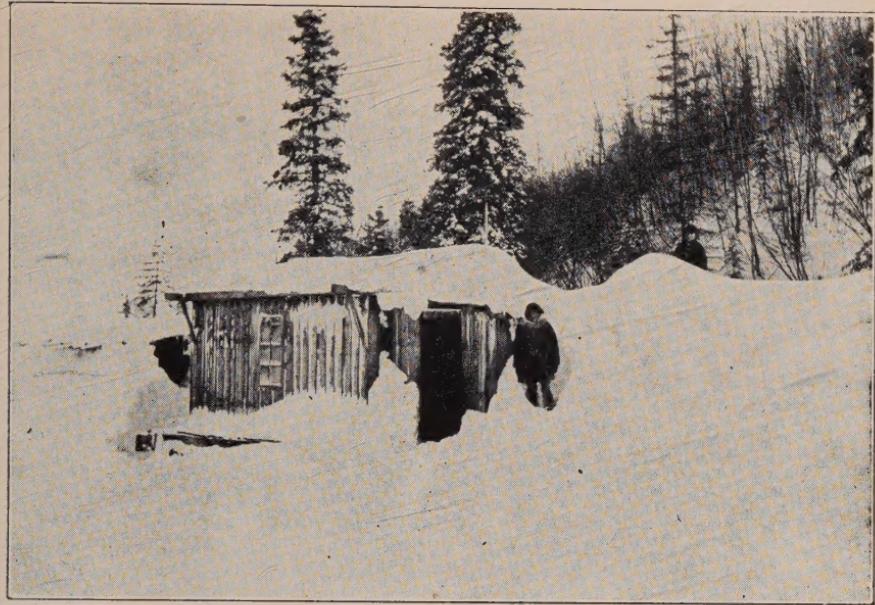
The Rev. John Wight Chapman, D.D., Founder of Alaska's first Mission Station and Priest-in-Charge of Christ Church Mission, Anvik for forty-three years

a thousand subjects asked for; school to teach; boys to look after and instruct; correspondence to keep up with and other jobs to do too numerous to mention. But rest assured that they will come to you. There will be no off days. And by your works you will be known and not by your knowledge of the Greek and Latin verbs. If you love the great outdoors, the place so rapidly marching in the distance in the States, you will find it here aplenty, sometimes almost too much of it maybe. But it is a great country, where live splendid hardy men who will take you

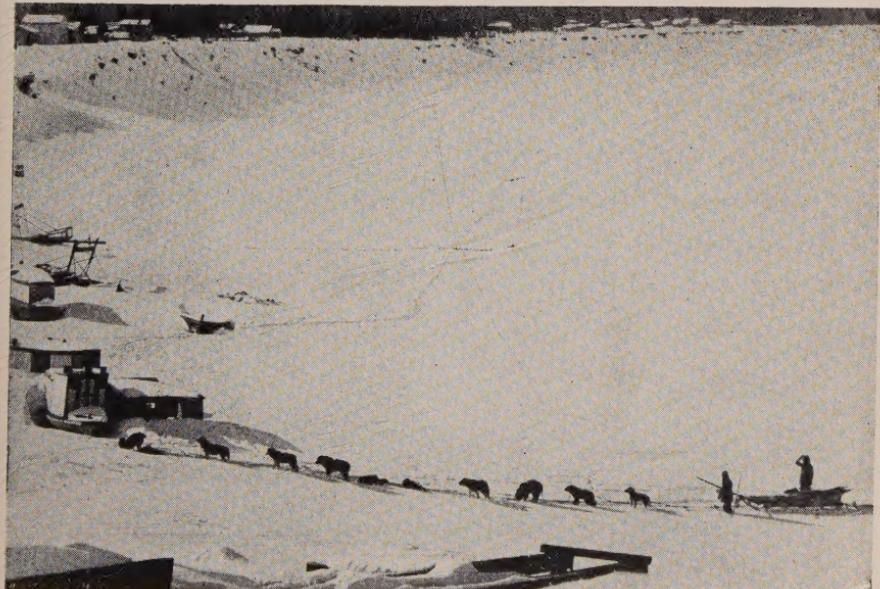
into their cabins and give you such a welcome as would make the old Southern gentleman look twice."

In 1925 the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Bentley had to return to the States for personal family reasons and during most of this time Mr. Bentley served as Assistant at Bruton Parish Church in Williamsburg, Virginia, where he was ordained a priest in 1929.

In the spring of 1930 Bishop Rowe called the Rev. John B. Bentley back to Alaska as Archdeacon of the Yukon and he and Mrs. Bentley returned in



Our First Mission Building at Anvik—1887-88



Dogteam Mail Arrives at Anvik—1922

August of that year, with residence at Nenana. A little over a year later the House of Bishops elected the new Archdeacon as Suffragan Bishop of Alaska to assist Bishop Rowe (now 75 years old) with his strenuous work in the far north.

To Bishop Bentley fell the general oversight of the interior missions of the Church in Alaska: Nenana, Fairbanks, Tanacross, Tanana, Eagle, Circle, Fort Yukon, Allakaket, Anvik, and Anchorage, with Bishop Rowe retaining responsibility for visiting the coastal churches and the Arctic Coast (once every three years).

The Church chose wisely and well in placing the responsibility of leadership in the hands of this man during one of the most difficult times in our Alaskan church history. A great depression was upon us; money was acutely short and men were scarcer. As budgets were cut mission work had to be curtailed and what was already a skeleton staff became even more so. It is largely because of the devoted and indefatigable efforts of Bishop Bentley in these years that our work among the Indians in Interior Alaska survived at all, and it is surely because of his wisdom, gentle understanding, and hardy manhood that the name "Bishop" is such a well loved and meaningful one among our Indian people today.

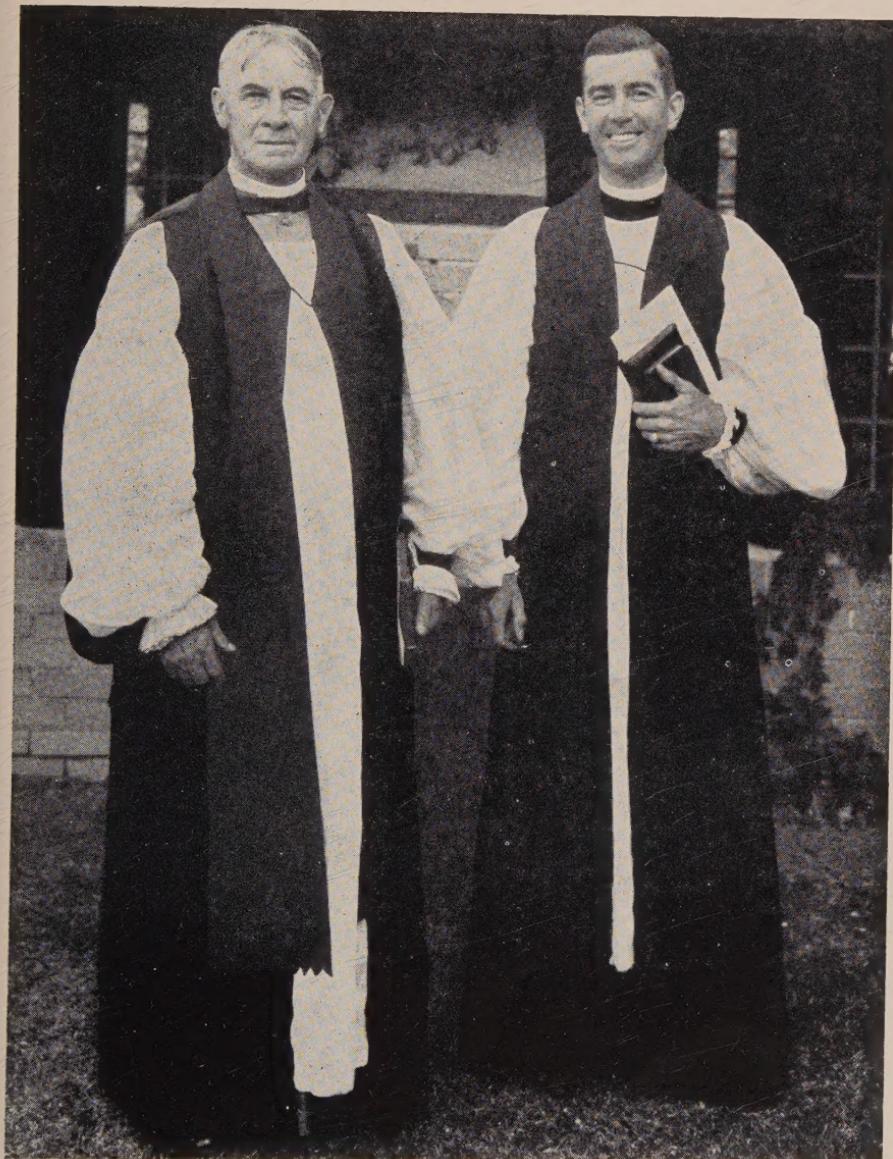
In many ways Bishop Bentley had the task of overseeing our work, but in truth in all too many cases he was the work of the Church. He was a tower of strength in holding together the boarding school at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, where he made his residence. In many camps and villages along the Tanana, Yukon, and on the whole Koyukuk River, he was the sole contact with the Church as he traveled by boat for thousands of miles each summer bringing the ministrations of the church to our people wherever they might be.

John Bentley in these years as archdeacon and suffragan bishop was many things to many people, but above all he was a real MAN—one of integrity, kindness and devotion, and one who would never ask a man to do a job that he would not do and in most cases he had not already done.

He was the sort of man who made little of the fact that while traveling from Circle to Fort Yukon by dog team he was caught in a little shelter cabin by the most frightful cold spell the recent history of Alaska has ever known (the temperature dropped to seventy-eight below zero at Fort Yukon during that time). He was the suffragan bishop of Alaska who when invited to preach the baccalaureate sermon at the University of Alaska and having missed the weekly train from Nenana to Fairbanks through no



Bishop and Mrs. Bentley leaving Eagle in the little DISCOVERY, an open boat used by the Bishop in travelling more than ten thousand miles along Alaska's rivers



Bishop Rowe and Bishop Bentley in Denver after Bishop Bentley's consecration as Suffragan Bishop of Alaska in 1931

fault of his own, he shouldered a pack on his back and walked the sixty miles to Fairbanks in two days to keep his appointment! He was the Bishop of Alaska who even now when an old time Alaskan speaks of travel by small boats on the rivers of the interior, with his more than twenty thousand miles on the streams must be listed among the masters and giants who know these streams best.

It has been said that it takes a great man to recognize one. Bishop Rowe's suffragan saw in his bishop the greatness that had led the church in Alaska for thirty-five years with unmatched courage, ability, and devotion, and during the last eleven years of the life of the great Peter Trimble Rowe, John Bentley stood as his right arm and helped carry out the wise and experience-based policies of the great missionary apostle of the North. Bishop Bentley was a tower of strength to both Bishop Rowe and to the Church during these last years of the Bishop's life and when he was called home at the age of eighty-six, after serving forty-seven years as Alaska's Bishop, who better than John Bentley could take over as Bishop of Alaska and give the leadership so sorely needed in the awakening north.

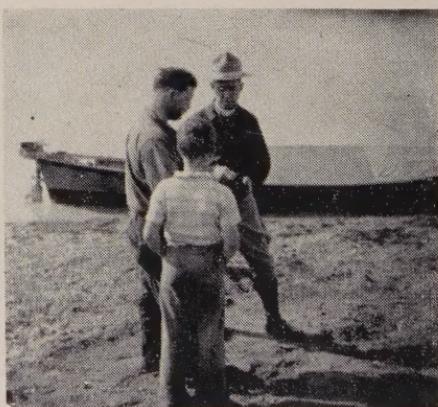
Bishop Bentley served as Bishop of Alaska for only five years but in those years he charted a course for the Church. He established the headquarters of the Church in the District itself. His was the difficult job of inheriting the mantle after forty-six years on another's shoulders and before whom there had been no bishop. The coming of war and military expansion had overnight created a new Alaska, with a whole new pattern of life—a pattern that must be sketched and established now, if the church was to bring her message of hope and love to her people here. John Bentley did this job well. It was our privilege to serve as deacon and priest under his leadership. He was eminently fair in his dealings with his staff; he entrusted a job to a man with the faith that the man would do the job and do it well; and John Bentley would stand behind you until the end, unless you proved yourself unworthy. When that



Mrs. Bentley ready to board the *DISCOVERY*

happened watch out! Under such leadership the church cannot help but grow and grow great.

In 1948 the National Church, recognizing the splendid and selfless character of Bishop Bentley's service to the Church's mission, called him to higher duty as Vice President of the National Council and Director of the Overseas Department. Those of us who know him well know that Bishop Bentley did not want to accept this new task. We know that he loved Alaska and its work and always will. However, to him this was a call from the Church and there is something inherent in this man, that he must do



The 'River' Bishop bids fare well to friends at Fort Yukon



Mrs. John Boyd Bentley



CANADA



Y DISTRICT OF ALASKA

Missions

200 300 400 500 600 700

Preaching Stations

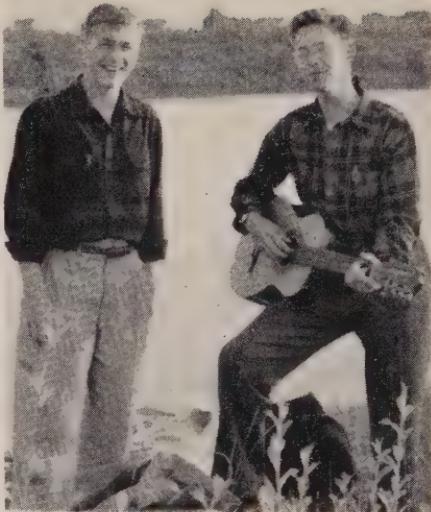
his duty whatever the cost and you can be sure that he will always be happy doing his duty, wherever it lies. Bishop and Mrs. Bentley left Alaska and the whole church has had the benefit of his selflessness and statesmanship.

We who work under him now do not always agree with him in his decisions. Possibly, human being that he is, he may have made a mistake here and there, but no one who knows John Bentley ever doubts the sincerity of any of his decisions or that he does not act for the good of the whole church, whatever the cost.

We mentioned earlier that Bishop Bentley had a wife and in that statement lies much of what he is and has been. No one who has ever lived in the interior of Alaska can help knowing what a sympathetic, understanding and selfless wife can mean to a man's life—particularly to a man who must be away from home a great part of the time. We have great admiration for Bishop Bentley—but he has had the thrilling moments, the crises, and the satisfactions of his varied duties wherever he has been. The sometimes forgotten heroine of twenty-five years in the Episcopate is almost always a bishop's wife and Vira Carr Bentley is no exception—a gracious, lovely, cultured lady of Tidewater Virginia, but also every inch an Alaskan and one whom Alaska claims with great pride.

Sometimes we wait until a man is no longer with us before giving him credit for his life. As Bishop and Mrs. Bentley begin another quarter century in the Episcopate, we in Alaska are deeply grateful to both of them and we thank God for them and what they have meant to us and to thousands of Alaskans.

The Rev. and Mrs. Rowland Cox returned to Point Hope in mid-November after regular furlough and are beginning their second term of service at St. Thomas' Mission. During Mr. Cox's furlough the work of the Church at Point Hope was carried on by the Church Council.



Ray Harrison and summer volunteer, Sandy Krumbhaar, arriving at Arctic Village

Mr. Raymond Harrison, a member of our summer vacation Bible School team in 1955, is now serving as the first regularly appointed teacher for the day school at Arctic Village. Ray went to Arctic Village in August under the auspices of the Church and began school shortly thereafter and in mid-October he was appointed as teacher by the Alaska Native Service. This brings great joy to the hearts of the people of Arctic Village and there are now twenty children receiving education that otherwise would have none. Ray hopes to enter seminary next year after finishing his year of teaching.

Born to the Rev. and Mrs. Hugh F. Hall of Wrangell on Nov. 14th—Mary Evangeline—sixth child, fourth daughter.



A SUMMER STORY

By PHILIP G. PORCHER, JR.

As I sit here at my desk back at school writing an account of this past summer, I have a great longing to again be doing the things and having the experiences that I am writing about. Instead, I must sit and write a summer's story hoping that I may share with others some of the wonderful moments given to me. This is not the first time I have told this story, I have told it many times to many people, showing slides to give an actual picture of what I was talking about. The impressions and comments are amazing. Many would themselves never have anything to do with such an experience and call you brave and noble for going to such a far and lonely place, to a cold and terrible climate, to help a poor and helpless people. Others cannot understand why you do not get tired of telling this story over and over. Others it actually makes no impression on one way or the other, but then there are those who would have given anything to be there too.

Allakaket, Alaska, is far away but it is not lonely and it requires no nobleness or bravery to go there. The natives are not poor and helpless. They are as warm and friendly and helpful as people are anywhere. When anyone has a wonderful experience, he never tires of telling it to others and I wish everyone in the whole church could spend a summer in Allakaket.

I will not mention any names in this article because I could not mention one without calling the name of every man, woman, child, and baby in the village, for I have a fond and vivid memory of each and always will.

A great part of the summer is simply undescribable. I cannot tell you in words how I felt when the Bishop's plane left the field that first day, nor can I tell you how I felt that first Sunday in church when I held service and tried to preach a sermon. It is also difficult to explain how I felt when I asked for advice

and received the reply, "you're the boss here now." I will never again feel as I did that morning when one of the men came in with a gash in his head that required stitches and there was no doctor around to do it. I cannot express my thoughts as I watched the men cut up a moose and divide it so that each family in the village received its fair share. You cannot tell others the spirit of participation in a potlatch (community meal) where the whole village eats together. One cannot convey in words the real greatness and wonders of simplicity. Nor can I describe the lump in my throat when as I was leaving at the end of the summer and the Chief said to me, "maybe you get wife and come back some day." It was by far the undescribable events of this story that meant the most to me. It is the story of the love of a people who take a stranger in and make him feel welcome; a truly Christian people who hardly know the meaning of the word in their minds (and they would be the first to admit it) and yet know it in their hearts and show it forth in their lives. They know God in their own way and as we never will. Through the valiant efforts of those of our church who came to Allakaket in the years past, the village is centered in the church, physically and spiritually and looks to it for help, advice, and guidance, but not for handouts. Because of this it is a village which lives together, works together, worships together, hunts and fishes together, and has fun together. This is not to say that they are perfect by any means but their troubles and differences and problems are not major ones.

There were many many describable moments and events which came up all the time and which kept the days interesting and exciting and far from being dull and lonely. Volley ball was the favorite sport in Allakaket and we played sometimes till 2:00 A.M., when it was still daylight. I went duck and moose hunting with the



Phil Porcher, summer seminarian, at Allakaket



Allakaket, one of the prettiest of Alaskan Villages

men and watched them as they worked together to build a new school under the skillful, earnest, and patient leadership of Dick Clayton, a carpenter from the Territory. They had dances and they taught me to dance with them. We had a joyous 4th of July celebration. They showed me how they made fish nets and tanned moose hides. They showed me their cemetery, beaver dams, and trappers' cabins on the trail. The men helped me to fix and paint up the Mission and fix the broken motors and the women taught me how to cook salmon and bake bread. The children helped me rake and keep the yard clean and cut and "pack" wood. The Bible School teachers came to teach them songs, stories, games, and handcrafts, a much anticipated event. We visited each other in our cabins and I went down to the fish camps to see them and they showed me how to cut, dry, and smoke the salmon and put it up for the winter use. We also spent a lot of time just sitting around talking, listening, and drinking tea or coffee.

This is the story of a summer, a story that taught me many things but most of all, I think it taught me the meaning of patience. From the hub-bub of our state side way of life to the quiet and peaceful village and a people who live and love living and who know the real meaning of living as we in our accelerated pace never will know, is a treat I wish all could behold. Life goes on from day to day in God's good time all gets done that needs to be done. Call it lazy or primitive or what ever you may but it is neither of these, it is life in the land of the midnight sun.

Mr. David Paul, layreader at St. Timothy's Mission, Tanacross, for 30 years, has been admitted as a Candidate for Holy Orders and it is expected that he will be ordained to the Diaconate some time next year.

4000 Episcopalians sending us one dollar a year for The Alaskan Churchman would put us in the black and make the Bishop mighty happy. Will you be one?

A 1906 DOLLAR

(Continued from Pg. 1)

Churchman all that it can and should be.

"The purpose of The Alaskan Churchman is purely missionary. We enter on our work with the full sanction of the Bishop, and our aim is to acquaint the Church at large with the Church's work in Alaska, in a fuller way than our general Missionary papers are able to do. It is not our wish and it is beyond our power to compete with any other paper of our class. We are too far out of the world to be classed by its rules. Published in the very heart of the North; forced to send thousands of miles for all our cuts and other special settings; printed under great expense; we come to you with the typical Alaskan message that there is no difficulty too great to be overcome.

"We ask you to support us, therefore, because we are what we are; we claim your attention because we will give you news of this "Great Land"; we beg you to help widen our influence because in this way the Church's work and the needs of the Bishop and his staff will be better known.

"There is a more or less common idea that a Missionary is such because he is not bright or clever or zealous enough to stay at home where a larger proportion are engaged in the same calling. As Missionaries, we would never be willing to admit that there is any truth in this idea. As a paper, we will prove by the articles contributed by our various workers, that Alaska has many thinkers as well as workers. Already we have received contributions from some of our best known Missionaries, and at all times preference will be given to those who are actually at work in this Missionary District.

"Subscriptions to The Alaskan Churchman are coming in with each mail. Already we have nearly one hundred paid subscriptions and we add this word to say that unless there is a special request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, we cannot acknowledge the receipt of subscrip-

tions. We shall be under heavier expense the first year than at any time later on, for much of our material, purchased now, will last for years. We ask you, therefore, to accept the receipt of your copy as proof that the subscription has reached us. We thank you for your cordial letters, filled with good wishes and felicitous greetings—it shall be our endeavor to return your kindness by making the quarterly publication better in workmanship and matter than a monthly could have been."

The CHURCHMAN has not changed too much through the years and its basic aim and purpose remains the same. Surprisingly enough, also the price has remained the same. The ALASKAN CHURCHMAN in 1906 cost one dollar for four quarterly issues, although we dare say the 1956 dollar hardly approaches in value that of its older brother in 1906. In fact the cost of printing alone has gone up three times over what it was when we took over the magazine in 1948 so our readers can see that they are getting a bargain.

Often we are asked why we do not increase the subscription price, when it is known that the magazine loses nearly a thousand dollars annually. We have not, simply because we feel it would defeat the basic aim of the publication—that of spreading news of the Church in Alaska to as many readers as possible. We now have about twenty-five hundred paid subscribers. It is very likely, that should we raise the subscription price to two dollars annually, we might well lose one thousand of these subscribers. We would be better off financially but missing out in our original purpose. We do not want to lose one of our subscribers and we pray that we do not. However, if at any time you are renewing your subscription and wish to add a little extra to help the CHURCHMAN financially then such help will be gratefully appreciated, but we do not want anyone to feel that they must pay extra in order to receive the magazine and God willing, we hope The ALASKAN CHURCHMAN will continue to bring news of the mission of the Church in Alaska for another fifty years, to our

people everywhere, and we also hope we can do it at the 1906 rate of one dollar a year!

Mr. Bruce H. Kennedy of New York, formerly of Honolulu, is now serving as volunteer supply, at Christ Church Mission, Anvik, during the furlough of the Rev. Glen M. Wilcox. Mr. Kennedy, who hopes to enter seminary next fall, volunteered his services to the Church in Alaska for a year, and he will be in Anvik until the return of Mr. Wilcox early in January.

Bishop Gordon flew Bruce to Anvik the first of October and brought the Wilcox family back to Fairbanks after an overnight indoctrination for Bruce, in the life of the mission at Anvik. This includes such varied activities as the regular services of the church, recreational activities, care of the mission dogs (and their operation!), maintenance and servicing of the light plants, where to go for firewood and ice for water, the operation of the mission radio station and about fifty other assorted responsibilities. We are sure that Bruce, with much friendly advice from the people at Anvik will make out all right.

When Mr. Wilcox returns to Anvik it is expected that Bruce will spend the rest of the winter serving as layman-in-charge of Trinity Mission, Circle—a mission station where we have not had a resident minister since about 1906. We are deeply grateful to Bruce Kennedy for giving of his time and talents to our ministry in Alaska and we are sure that God will richly use him here.

Many of you will be receiving expiration notices for your Alaskan Churchman subscription about now. It will be a great help to us if you will renew your subscription promptly and if you can send us a new subscription along with yours then all the better, but we certainly do not want to lose any of our Churchman family.

Renew your subscription to the Alaskan Churchman today!

FROM MT. HOLYOKE TO THE ARCTIC AND BACK AGAIN!

By BETTY MARVIN

After spending fourteen months with the Missionary District of Alaska, my excitement in getting to Philadelphia and back to Mount Holyoke College was not unmarred by very real regrets about leaving. The postponement of a year of college in no way meant that my education was to cease in that time. I certainly do appreciate the unusual opportunity to have helped in St. Stephen's Mission and the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital in Fort Yukon and it was a great pleasure to have taught twice in vacation Bible schools. My thanks to Bishop Gordon and the other missionaries may be extended to the group of college students and our chaperone, Miss Esther Fessenden, with whom I came to Alaska in June 1955, and the many who played essential parts in making our "Alaskan Adventure" (The Alaskan Churchman, November, 1955) possible.

The warm receptions and ready response to our program in the villages each summer was captivating. By the end of the first few days in each village, my teaching partner and I had become acquainted with the people; and the extra activities, such as softball, volleyball and informal visiting, would commence. Time flew by so that one week seemed like three days. However, after another week, the friendships gave us the illusion that we had been there and known them for years.

Two weeks is sufficient for a good Bible school; but for me, the series of visits served only as appetizers. I wanted to get to know better the work of the Church there, and to give more help in any possible way. Much to my delight, the Rev. Walter W. Hannum, priest-in-charge of St. Stephen's Mission, and Donald S. Palmer, former physician-in-charge of the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital, who had learned of my interest, as-

sured me that there would be ample opportunity for aid in both places during the winter. Permission came from Bishop Gordon and my parents and Mount Holyoke College for a year's leave of absence. At the end of the summer I said good-bye to Alma Rowe, from Mary Washington College, Virginia, with whom I had been teaching, and settled down in the hospital with the kind help of the nurses.

It was not only the work I did in Fort Yukon, but also the living there that made the experience so interesting. During the summer I became aware of the fact that although the Church's primary interest was to preach the Gospel, its secondary concern was with the many problems and situations confronting its people, and it was important in Alaska as anywhere else. However, its importance is increased because schools have been there a comparatively short time and the systems are not without growing pains. Thus, one of my occupations during the winter was to be the teacher of a daily kindergarten class in the mission house.

The Alaska Native Service and Territorial schools each had a beginners class for the necessary development and adjustment of the children before advancing to first grade, but they had to be six years old to attend. This was not proving to be sufficient because many pupils stayed in first grade several years. The kindergarten aimed to give all the five year olds an earlier introduction to school, and to English for those who learned only the native language in their homes. I had planned a program consisting of free play, followed by a discussion of sharing, a story time, mid-morning lunch, after which we would sing action songs, play outside and then color before leaving at noon. This plan had to be altered consider-

ably. The children could not take part in a discussion in English, let alone sit still to listen to a story in which the plot was not readily discernible, even with the use of pictures. As the initial shyness wore off, however, some of them would enthusiastically tell me stories in their native tongue, often laughing merrily. I could not understand what they were saying, but it was fun and I chalked it up to progress.

Another area for the Church's concern was with the tuberculosis patients who were missing school. After a few hours each afternoon cleaning up the playroom in the mission and preparing the next day's class, I taught the children in the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital. The teachers of the Territorial school provided placement tests and suitable books. During the winter the class included three girls in the fifth, sixth and seventh grades, three first-and-second graders, a smart as a whip preschooler, and a man who was learning to write. The latter had been on the trap line when he was a boy and so had missed school. He wanted to be able to write letters to his wife, but when she was admitted as a patient at Christmas time, I lost a student!

The Sunday School teachers were from the staff the hospital and had native assistants, who we hope will eventually replace us. A precedent was established with a fine pageant last Christmas Eve. We had our fingers crossed because the children have little opportunity to appear before groups, and are rather shy. It was good to hear the angel choir enunciating so clearly, and the main parts spoken distinctly, after having worked with them a month and a half on many details. The costumes, which were made of unbleached muslin by one of the mothers, were dyed many colors and made quite effective scenes.

The forty-below-zero and colder weather which predominated in January and February was not conducive to two-mile walks for five year olds! During this period that kindergarten was temporarily discontinued, I worked on study projects for the Woman's Auxiliary, which included

visiting the homes to arouse interest in these activities. The women have done some sewing for a few parishes and the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital, wrapped Christmas presents sent by the Woman's Auxiliaries in the States for the children; had a Corporate Communion and breakfast, and gave a Halloween party for the older children who went away to school. They also fill orders for bead work and put the profit in their treasury.

Because Mr. Hannum is in charge of the mission in the large village of Fort Yukon, which could well be a full time job in itself plus five smaller outstations, he is only able to make three or four visits a year to each. It is partly the time element, but primarily the great expense of the airplane trips which prohibits a more adequate ministry to these places. This problem is faced by all of the missionaries in Alaska who have to have more than one village to serve.



Bishop Gordon and seminarian, Ned Sunderland, in front of Trinity Church, Circle, built last year with a gift from the UTO

Several times during the winter I made the short trip to Circle, one of the outstations. The visits were very enjoyable. I stayed in the Alaska Native Service school teachers'



Betty Marvin (center) with Diane Hampton (on left) leaving Kotzebue after summer Bible school. The Rev. and Mrs. Alwin Reiners, Chester Seveck, and Evelyn Mullally gather to say farewell

house which was convenient and fun. Teaching the children every day after school and helping the women plan to make a bleached moose skin frontal with beaded designs, gave me a chance to renew the friendships which had been made during Bible school the previous summer. Their church was just rebuilt this fall, after having been destroyed by flood years ago and the people were very proud of it. The altar, cross, and altar rail were made by the native lay-reader. During the women's meeting at each of my visits we discussed the function and possibility of a Woman's Auxiliary. Lucy Crow was their delegate to the Woman's Auxiliary Conference in Seward last spring. She gave a report, upon returning home, in which she proposed an election of officers for the organization of the Woman's Auxiliary of Trinity Church, Circle. This was soon accomplished. My next visit for the Bible School program this summer was with Diane Hampton from Phillips, Texas. We were most pleased to hear of the re-

cent successful Woman's Auxiliary project for the fourth of July. All of the women served coffee and sandwiches of a spread made from fresh baked Yukon River salmon and were thus able to put a good profit in their new treasury. It did not stay there long, however, but was invested in a bleached moose skin for their frontal. Plans for the design were underway, and they hope to have it finished by this Christmas.

Bishop Gordon offers the opportunity of Bible School teaching to college students with the theory that from the experience they will gain a better understanding of missions. This has certainly proved true for me, as I believe it has for the other Bible School teachers. Alaska is no longer a land of romantic and heroic tales of old. It is a real place, with modern problems which result from its progress. It is my conviction, and many people share it, that the Missionary District of Alaska is in greater need than ever before of all the interest and support we can give.

We congratulate the Rev. and Mrs. Cameron Harriot of St. Elizabeth's Church, Ketchikan, on the arrival of Paul Cameron Harriot on October 21st in Ketchikan. Both mother and son are doing well and all are rejoicing over the addition of a boy to a family composed of sisters, Marguerite, Deborah, and Suzanne.

Plans are underway for the one hundredth anniversary celebration of the coming of our Church to Alaska, to be observed on July 5, 1961 at Fort Yukon. On this day in 1861 the first priest of the Anglican Church came to Fort Yukon, then thought to be part of Canada, marking the beginning of our missionary work in the Territory. Since this event occurred six years before the United States purchased Alaska from Russia, centennial celebrations have been a rare thing in the far north and this will be the first in Alaska of any church group, other than the Russian Orthodox Communion, whose priests came along with the first explorers before 1750. We hope to make this a joint celebration with the Diocese of the Yukon and Bishop Greenwood has already ex-

pressed his great interest and approval.

It will be a great help to us if you will send us a notice of your change of address when you move. Otherwise your copy of The Alaskan Churchman will be returned to us and we will have to trace you down for a new address. Cards for change of address can be easily obtained at any post office.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, Juneau, has had official groundbreaking ceremonies and construction is well underway for the new parish hall building. In addition, the back of the church is being extended so that the church may better accommodate the growing Juneau congregation. The Church of the Holy Trinity is one of our oldest church buildings, being erected before 1900, but we hope that this renovation and extension will enable the lovely structure to serve as our house of worship in Juneau, for many years to come. The people of Juneau are to be commended for their united and untired efforts in bringing this forward step to pass.



Ground is broken in August for the new parish hall and addition to Holy Trinity Church, Juneau. The congregation hopes to be in the finished building by February First.

PARISHES

| | | |
|-----------|---------------|--------------------------------------|
| Anchorage | All Saints' | The Rev. Malcolm H. Miner |
| Fairbanks | St. Matthew's | Miss Caroline W. Templeton, DCE |
| Juneau | Holy Trinity | The Rev. Richard T. Lambert |
| Ketchikan | St. John's | The Rev. Alexander C. Zabriskie, Jr. |
| | | The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres |
| | | The Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins |

MISSIONS

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|------------|-----------------------------------|---|
| Allakaket | St. John's-in-the Wilderness | The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn |
| Anchorag | St. Mary's | The Rev. Philip E. Jerauld |
| Anvik | Christ Church | The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox |
| Beaver | St. Matthew's | Mr. Bruce H. Kennedy |
| Cordova | St. George's | Capt. George S. Glander, C.A. |
| Eagle | St. John's and St. Paul's | The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins |
| Fort Yukon | St. Stephen's | The Bishop The Rev. Walter W. Hannum The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott |
| | Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital | Dr. W. Burns Jones, Jr. Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N. (on furlough) Miss Bertha E. Mason, R.N. Miss Susan E. Carter, P.H.N. Miss Susan C. Lewis, R.N. Miss Margaret H. Merrell Mr. Randall Baalam |
| Huslia | Good Shepherd | The Rev. Patterson Keller |
| Holikachuk | St. Paul's | The Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland |
| Ketchikan | St. Elizabeth's | The Rev. Cameron Harriot |
| Kivalina | Epiphany | Mr. Milton Swan |
| Kotzebue | St. George's-in-the Arctic | The Rev. Alwin Reiners, Jr. |
| Minto | St. Barnabas' | The Rev. Richard F. Simmonds |
| Nenana | St. Mark's | The Rev. Lee W. Stratman |
| Petersburg | St. Andrew's | The Rev. Albert J. Sayers |
| Point Hope | St. Thomas' | The Rev. Rowland J. Cox Mr. Donald Oktollik |
| Seward | St. Peter's | The Rev. Carter van Waes |
| Shageluk | St. Luke's | Miss Jean E. Aubrey, P.H.N. |
| Sitka | St. Peter's-by-the-Sea | The Rev. Henry H. Chapman |
| Stevens | | |
| Village | St. Andrew's | Miss Arlene B. Chatterton, R.N. |
| Tanana | St. James' | The Rev. Coleman Inge |
| Tanacross | St. Timothy's | The Rev. Robert B. Greene |
| Valdez | Epiphany | The Rev. Robert Grumbine |
| Wrangell | St. Philip's | The Rev. Hugh F. Hall |

OUTSTATIONS

| | | | |
|----------------|-------------|---------------|--------------------|
| Annette Island | Chalkyitsik | Rampart | Palmer |
| Arctic Village | Dot Lake | Point Lay | Seldovia |
| Big Delta | Homer | Mentasta Lake | Skagway |
| Bettles | Hot Springs | Mt. Edgecumbe | Tetlin |
| Circle | Hughes | Noatak | Venetie |
| | Kenai | Nome | Wrangell Institute |

